In Recital

Benila Ninan, mezzo-soprano

assisted by
Susan Ward, piano

Friday, February 27, 1998 at 5:00 pm

Convocation Hall, Arts Building

Department of Music
University of Alberta

Program

Ah, how pleasant tis to love (1688) An Evening Hymn (1688) I attempt from Love's Sickness (1695)	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Three Italian Songs Se Florindo è fedele (1698)	Alessandro Scarlatti (1659-1725)
Caro mio ben (1782)	Giuseppe Giordani (1744-1798)
Per la gloria d'adorarvi (1722)	Giovanni Battista Bononcini (1672-1750)
Blow, blow thou winter wind (1740) Love's a Dream (pub. 1757) When Daisies Pied (1740)	Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

Intermission

Lachen und Weinen (1823) Geheimes (1821) Seligkeit (1816)	Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
An Chloë (1787) Dans un Bois Solitaire (1778) Abendemfindung (1787)	Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

This recital is presented in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the Bachelor of Music degree for Ms Ninan.

Ms Ninan is a recipient of the Beryl Barns Memorial Awards (Undergraduate).

Reception to follow in the Arts Lounge.

Translation

Se Florindo e fedele - If Florindo is faithful
If Florindo is faithful, I will fall in love.
Cupid can well draw his bow,
for I myself will know how to defend
from a glance flattering.
Pleas, tears and arguments I will not listen to,
but if he will be faithful
I will fall in love.

Caro mio ben - Dear my beloved
Dear my beloved, believe me at least
without you languishes my heart
your faithful one sighs always;
cease cruel one, so much severity.

Per la gloria d'adorarvi - For the Glory of Adoring you
For the Glory of adoring you
I want to love you, O eyes dear.
Loving I will suffer;
but always you I will love, yes yes in my suffering.
Without hope of pleasure vain afection it is to sigh;
but who can admire your sweet glances
and not love you?

Lachen und Weinen - Tears and Laughter
Laughter and tears, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
In the morning I laughed for joy,
and why I now weep
in the evening glow
I myself do not know.

Tears and laughter, at whatever hour,
are founded, in love, on so many things.
At evening, I wept for grief;
and why you can awake
at morn with laughter,
that I must ask you, O heart.

Geheimes - Secret
My love has a look
that makes men wonder;
but I alone
well know its meaning.

It is him I love,
not him or him,
So quit, good men,
admiring and desiring!

Great, yes, the power of her glances;
but meant only to tell
him of their next sweet hour.

Seligkeit - Bliss
Joys without number
bloom in Heaven's hall
for angels and transfigured,
as our father taught.
Oh, there would I be,
and rejoice eternally!

Sweetly upon all smiles
a heavenly bride;
harp and psalter sound,
and all dance and sing.
Oh, there would I be,
and rejoice eternally!

Here I'll rather stay
if Laura look my way,
and give a look that says
I've to lament no more.
Blissful then with her,
I'll stay ever here!

An Chloë - To Chloe
When love gazes from your blue,
bright, open eyes,
and with joy of gazing into them
my heart throbs and glows;
when I hold you and kiss
ardently your rosy cheeks,
dear maiden, and clasp
you trembling in my arms,

maiden, maiden, and press
you firmly to my breast
which at the very last,
only at death, will let you go--
then is my enraptured gaze
overshadowed by a sombre cloud,
and I sit, then, weary,
but blissful, beside you.

Dans un bois solitaire - In the Woods
As I was walking in the woods
All alone the other day:
I saw a boy asleep in the shade,
It was naughty Cupid.

I drew near, charmed by his beauty
But I dared not trust him;
He looked like the ungrateful girl
Whom I had sworn to forget.

His lips were just as red,
His skin as fresh as hers,
A sigh escaped me, he awoke:
Love wakes for no reason at all.

Quickly he spread his wings,
Took up his bow,
One of his arrows, ready to wound
Pierced me to the heart.

Go, Go, he said, and once again,
Suffer and burn at Sylvia's feet:
You shall love her all your life,
Because you dared to wake me.

Abendempfindung - Evening Thoughts
Evening. The sun has vanished,
and the moon sheds a silver gleam;
thus flit life's finest hours,
flit by as in a dance.

Away soon will flit life's pageant,
and the curtain come rolling down;
our play is done, the friend's
tear falls already on our grave.

Soon maybe (like the westwind,
wafts upon me a quiet presentiment),
this pilgrimage of life I shall end,
and fly to the land of rest.

If you will then weep by my grave,
and mourning, upon my ashes gaze,
then, O friends, shall I
appear and waft you heavenwards.

An you, my love, bestow on me a tear,
and pluck me a violet for my grave,
and with your soulful gaze,
look down then gently on me.

Consecrate a tear to me, and ah, be
only not ashamed to do so;
oh, in my diadem will it
then be the fairest of pearls.